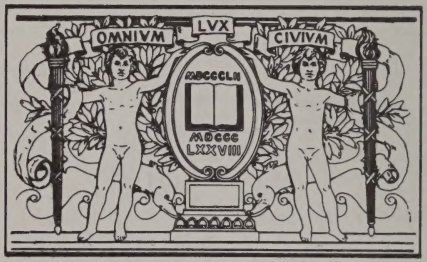
Studying Art Abroad

May Alcott Nieriker



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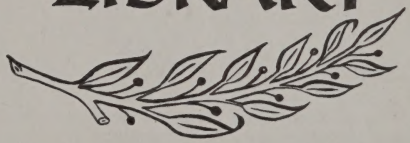

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STUDYING ART ABROAD,

AND

HOW TO DO IT CHEAPLY.

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BY

MAY ALCOTT NIERIKER.

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Studying Art Abroad.

CHAPTER I

EN ROUTE.

Art is so over-talked and over-written at the present time (charmingly, to be sure, but still overdone), that, even were a student's opinion on the subject of any value, I have no intention of adding my name to the list of those who, from critics like Ruskin and Hamerton down to the multitude of newspaper correspondents, keep America *en courant* with European painters, pictures, and gossip.

But none of these writers report the actual cost of living, instruction, or rent of studio abroad; or how one in search of such can most easily and economically obtain them, in order to realize the desire of one's heart. Therefore, having had some experience of art studies in London, Paris, and Rome, I propose putting into readable form, facts and figures which may help another to overcome

certain difficulties attending a first trip, and the most direct attainment of the desired end.

Now that Boston, New York, and Philadelphia have their Fine Art Museums and life classes, there is no longer the same necessity for crossing the Atlantic for an education that existed some years ago. But while the feeling prevails that there is no art world like Paris, no painters like the French, and no incentive to good work equal to that found in a Parisian *atelier*, many will continue to seek in France what, in their estimation, cannot be found in America. To such, especially if women, a few notes, suggestions, and addresses will prove useful in simplifying the *modus operandi* of settling in a foreign city.

Let me impress upon them at the outset the importance of considering well what is one's particular taste or talent, aim or ambition, and to have a definite notion before starting of what one wants to learn, so as to insure the greatest amount of profit and enjoyment in a given time. For I am supposing our particular artist to be no gay tourist, doing Europe according to guide-books, with perhaps a few lessons, here and there, taken only for the name of having been the pupil of some distinguished master, but a thoroughly ear-

nest worker, a lady, and poor, like so many of the profession, wishing to make the most of all opportunities, and the little bag of gold last as long as possible.

Naturally to a painter of the figure or landscape in oils, Paris is the desired goal, where the work of Couture and Millet, Breton, Bonnat, Cabanel, Lefebvre, Duran, and lately Bastien Lepage, offer such splendid examples in drawing and color of the first-named subject, while Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, Dupré, Daubigny, Courbet, and Pelouse display the same truth and *habileté* in their treatment of the landscape, not to mention the gems of the Louvre and Luxembourg always open to a student for reference and copying, — a practice much recommended by French masters to help in the acquirement of certain methods.

Much is said just now in favor of the Munich school, and since Duverneck's sudden rise into notice, many have taken their way thither, and thoroughly good work has been the result of months of study. Further than this, I can say nothing but that on my one visit there the gallery was a disappointment, the general refreshing and varnishing, lately given the collection, entirely ruining the effect of many of its best pictures.

Just as naturally will one who seeks instruction in water-color figures and landscapes turn toward London, though the Roman painters possess a fine, strong style in the former subject which cannot be overlooked. However, as every one knows, England's art speciality is water-colors, of which the summer exhibitions give sufficient proof.

Also china painting and decorative art in general flourish in the big city which is acknowledged the great picture-market of the world, and this last fact may be of some importance to an artist if reduced to making pot-boilers, as the saying, "*Live* in Paris, but *sell* in London," was long ago adopted by painters of all nations.

Let us conclude, then, that each of the foregoing considerations has been well thought of, and after due deliberation and all possible study accomplished before starting, that our lady artist decides on a year abroad, and begins preparations in good earnest.

She proceeds to select a large, light trunk, one of French manufacture if possible; for those of American make are very heavy and not proportionately strong, and as every pound in weight is an added item of expense in travelling, this becomes a subject worthy some consideration Then pack-

ing closely, rolling and pinning every article that can be rolled and pinned, puts in plenty of old underclothes and but few dresses, a strong travelling suit and a black silk being the only important costumes. I say old underclothes, because the grime of London and the acid used by all Parisian *blanchisseuses* soon rot and spoil anything delicate or nicely trimmed, and as the old things become too thin for use, but invaluable as paint-rags (which artists so often have to buy), they are easily replaced by ready-made strong ones at small expense.

If the trunk is too high for sliding under the berth of the state-room, and our artist is sufficiently sensible to prefer going in light marching order on all occasions, she can take only a commodious hand-bag and shawl-strap, letting the trunk go below in the hold. The first-named should contain the necessary changes of linen, paper collars and cuffs (if she is not too proud to wear such), which, like Japanese handkerchiefs, do not require washing, a dressing-case of toilet articles to hang up and sway with the motion of the vessel, gloves, veils, and little things, while into the shawl-strap should be rolled a thick wrap, water-proof, flannel gown, books to read on the passage, and overflowings from the bag.

This comprises all that is strictly needed for a voyage of twelve days across the Atlantic, though the addition of fruit or a supply of preserved ginger to be eaten in the watches of the night will be found a refreshing luxury, not always to be obtained on board.

If not the possessor of a steamer chair, I should advise not buying one on the American side, where the cost is from ten dollars upwards, and being by no means indispensable, any one economically inclined will defer purchasing until the return trip, when very pretty folding chairs of dark wood, suitable even for parlor use afterward, can be procured from Tottenham Court Road furnishing shops, London, or in Liverpool, on going to the steamer, at the low price of ten to fifteen shillings.

Everything, then, being ready, our artist takes passage on a "Cunarder," if she prefers safety, or requires the protecting care of a gallant English captain; but if economy is an object she will try the "Anchor," "National," or "Guion Line," where a deck state-room, for $60, will be found most airy and comfortable, and, accepting what letters and addresses are offered her, push bravely off, to begin her art studies in the Old World.

Supposing, then, water-colors to be her aim and

London her destination, she arrives at the Liverpool wharf, perhaps at night, and decides to save hotel bills by remaining on board the boat until morning ; but if eager to leave the narrow quarters, where possibly she has known much misery during the voyage, she drives either to the hotel at the Lime Street Station, to go directly through to the metropolis, or, as I should suggest, to the Great Western Hotel, which is at the terminus of the railroad, by which she leaves the next morning for Chester, as the first stopping-place of a most interesting *détour*, including Stratford, Warwick, Kenilworth, and Leamington. If she has from two to three pounds in money to spare, and decides to make this little trip, she will, before leaving the hotel, repack the bag, and if possible put the contents of the shawl-strap into the trunk (which, left in care of the baggage-master, in return for a few pence and the receipt, will be forwarded to any London address on her writing for it), and start, with art materials prepared and bag in hand, but otherwise unencumbered with luggage, for historical ground.

In thus accomplishing the distance between Liverpool and London, one includes perhaps the

greatest number of places of interest, as well as fine subjects for an artist's pencil as can be found in any circuit of England; and three days with two nights enjoyed *en route* need cost but little and be found truly delightful.

Of course this limited time admits only of a broad, rapid manner of sketching, which, however, often results profitably, most of the subjects being of a particularly salable description, and even rough suggestive bits in color proving interesting to those persons who have never visited the spots.

But our artist could be very busy and happy in these little towns for any length of time, although, as this whole district is so much travelled and familiar to all, it will only be necessary to note here a few items not found in any guide-book.

Arriving, then, at Chester, one takes the omnibus from the station for "The Blossoms," a little inn just outside the old walls of the town and in dangerous proximity for the lover of bric-à-brac to many shops which, among other attractions, contain fine old chests and chairs in carved black oak, to be bought for half the cost demanded in London or Paris for the same articles. And these the venders will forward, without extra charge, to any address on the island.

Every painter knows the value of this antique furniture, and how indispensable is an imposing arm-chair in which to place the sitter to advantage for a portrait, though the striking griffins or scroll ornamentation of such become monotonous if too often repeated in pictures, particularly when many studies by the same hand are collected together, — this being very noticeable of a certain rich gilded chair, the top of which appeared above the shoulder of hundreds of sitters, from that of the late Pope of Rome to Bismarck and plain Miss A., simply because from familiarity the painter could accomplish such details quickly and effectively with a few strokes.

After enjoying the fine views from the old walls and ivy-hung towers of Chester, one finds much that is interesting along its quaint streets, lined with picturesque houses, here and there displaying a façade richly and elaborately carved, well worth some hours spent in careful work with pencil or brush before leaving for Stratford. Here, after taking a room at the "Shakespeare Arms," one strolls to the other side of the river, which is the most advantageous spot for booking the gray stone church amid the great trees on the water's edge, so famous for containing the poet's bones. Then following

the pretty paths, leading through stiles and across green meadows, one finds Anne Hathaway's cottage, with its mossy, sloping roof, and delights in attacking so charming a subject at once, not forgetting to secure a line descriptive of the "Courting Settle," as it is called, near the great chimney of the interior. But the latter must be caught surreptitiously, as well as a sketch of the boy's desk shown at the poet's house, this liberty not being allowed a visitor, though money has been known to make the guardian temporarily blind to such an innovation of the rules. Next on the main route, from which one deviates slightly to reach Stratford, comes Warwick, and here life can be made truly ideal by boarding at the baker's for an absurdly low price, instead of following all the world to the "Warwick Arms." From this humble abode, each morning sees our artist, at an early hour, starting, with color-box in hand, to wander about the little town or to spend the day in the ruined castle of Kenilworth.

From the fine, long windows, over which the vines festoon themselves in graceful curves, and the crumbling walls with winding stairs marked "Dangerous Climbing" (immediately prompting one to mount, regardless of risk,) to the great round tower of warm-toned stone-work, all form charming bits

for the sketch-book. There is a perfect quiet, even solemnity, pervading the place, which is most conducive to good work, and keeps one's thoughts constantly busy with the events of the past, seeing Amy Robsart escaping by the little postern gate, as she fled only to meet her death at Cumnor Hall, or Elizabeth amid her brilliant train, Leicester at her side, riding forth with hawk and hound, under the shadow of the great arch, to scour the beautiful country of Warwickshire.

I think no one will consider time spent at Kenilworth as wasted, for though by no means the most picturesque ruin in England, some of the abbeys and cathedrals being infinitely finer, yet here there is a certain indescribable charm which forcibly attracts and detains the visitor.

Many people think to have seen Warwick thoroughly without ever finding Leicester Hospital, which is an interesting charity, founded by the renowned earl, for twelve old men; and it is most amusing to be shown the twelve little rooms, with their twelve beds, twelve coal-bins, twelve plates, and even twelve coffee-pots steaming away on the kitchen stove, round which are placed twelve arm-chairs, suggesting a pleasant picture of twelve old men sitting comfortably smoking their twelve clay pipes.

A fine chapel and quaint minister's house adjoin the main building with its many-gabled roof, and when after a hard day of painting, sitting in the court-yard, I had the good fortune to be invited by the clergyman to see the interior of his home, which is very ancient, I took advantage of the occasion to ask why the present earl did not found a like comfortable home for twelve old women.

If an artist lingers here late enough into September, what is called the "Runaway Mop" may afford much that is novel; for at this time, servants in search of places and masters in search of servants meet to form new engagements for the coming year; and this is made the occasion for reviving many old customs quite obsolete elsewhere. A whole ox is roasted over an immense fire in the market-place, and one has but to demand a sixpenny or shilling plate to receive a deliciously juicy slice of tender beef, which, eaten under the great trees, amid the amusing scenes passing around, has a peculiar relish.

This festival unfortunately, however, is apt to fall upon St. Swetchin's week, which is thought, in that part of the country, never to fail of bringing much rain; and certainly it would be most disastrous to a sketching expedition, unless our artist, like Mr.

Hamerton, possesses a tent containing glass windows, through which, undisturbed by the elements, all effects, in rainy as well as fair weather, may be transmitted to paper or canvas.

Leamington, after reading Hawthorne's charming descriptions of his walks and pleasant life in the town, cannot be entirely overlooked, though the waters make it rather too fashionable a resort in the season for one of quiet tastes. Even if the pretty river Leam, with its arched bridges, prove attractive, the place, as a whole, will not be found so convenient for excursions as Warwick, which is more central. This I discovered on my second visit, and proved still further on a third, so I mention it for the benefit of any party wanting to accomplish much art work in a limited time, by bringing away many pleasing reminders of this not only eminently historical, but charmingly picturesque district.

With a last chime from Warwick bells ringing in the ears, an artist regretfully takes the train for smoky London, and passing Oxford with its many steeples, after a look at Windsor Castle, at length enters the great Paddington Station, or, by making a change at Rugby, steams into Euston Station, which is much nearer the West Centre, and saves one a long cab drive.

On a trip like this, a lady can very properly travel second, or even third class, during the summer, finding the latter carriages much cooler and better ventilated than the stuffy ones of the first, though the seats are entirely without cushions, and on a long journey by an express train apt to be crowded, and this makes the difference in price of tickets very great.

The railroad regulations and order in Europe are so complete that an unprotected woman has no trouble in getting on, as she finds herself the especial charge of the officials, until handed to a cab by a civil porter, with her much-belabelled luggage safely piled on the roof.

CHAPTER II.

LONDON.

PERHAPS our traveller has had the forethought to mail at Queenstown a letter to the hostess of some desirable address, and so on reaching the city, and slipping fourpence into a porter's hand to see any luggage put aboard a cab, pays a shilling fare, with two pence extra for a trunk, and reaches the destination at once.

But the distances in London are so very great, that one must consider well how to be near the chosen work or master, before settling for any length of time.

If the Kensington Museum or Art School is not the desired object, it has been the experience of many that the West Centre was a central, respectable, and cheap quarter for an artist. It is full of boarding-houses, which, however, be it remembered, are seldom, in England, as comfortable, clean, and

well furnished as in America; yet by search, a large, desirable room can be found with full board for thirty shillings ($6.00) a week, or a smaller room for less.

During the season, from May to August, prices are all much higher than for the rest of the year, and houses very full, so it becomes difficult to obtain immediately what one wishes, for little money.

A plan, however, often resorted to by students and found to be most economical, is to hire two furnished rooms, perhaps a large one on the first floor to serve as studio or parlor, with a smaller one above for sleeping, the two costing eighteen shillings per week, I will say, and the lady of the house providing meals as one orders them at a very reasonable price, including service.

Allowing our artist to be of a social nature and inclined to accept many dinner invitations among friends, this arrangement affords not only the freedom of a private parlor, with enjoyment of more room and greater choice of food, but costs little, if any, more than the thirty shillings to be paid at a boarding-house. Although it has the disadvantage, if one's circle of acquaintance is small, of becoming rather a lonely life, unless the student forms one of a party, particularly as painting should not be con-

tinued in the evening, when tired brain and eyes need rest. At such times and under such circumstances, the constantly changing society met with in a London *pension* proves a source of great entertainment.

Let it be supposed, then, that our artist is settled in lodgings or at board in Russell, Gordon, Bedford, or any of the pretty squares of Bloomsbury, and looking about for masters, or to find what the art advantages are in general, before beginning to study seriously.

There is the National Gallery within reasonable walking distance, for though an omnibus from Tottingham Court Road runs directly to Trafalgar Square, yet I should advise any one wanting to paint from early until late, and to whom exercise must consequently become a necessity, to save doctor's bills and cab fares by accomplishing the trip morning and evening on foot.

Nowhere, I acknowledge, is driving so cheap, yet if often indulged in, a hansom makes an important item in the year's expenses, and though the most direct route to the gallery leads one through the well-known, disreputable quarter of the "Seven Dials," it is a great thoroughfare, and perfectly safe for a lady by daylight. Besides, one meets people

and catches glimpses of a life nowhere else likely to be encountered, which remind the passer of a chapter from Dickens, for here are the Olivers, Sairy Gamps, and Pecksniffs who seem like old friends, and even real Fagins occasionally emerge from the dingy little shops where many a stolen article is on sale.

To some people, this first sight of a poverty, vice, and misery of which one before could form no adequate conception, proves most startlingly interesting; but of course, a young American lady in London would oftener give the preference to other streets.

The National is thought to contain finer specimens of the various schools and periods in art than perhaps any collection in Europe, and therefore becomes invaluable to a painter for careful study. Two days of each week it is open only to copyists, and an application to the director, who, since Mr. Wornum's death, is, I believe, Sir Edward Eastlake, by letter, has heretofore been sufficient to gain admission at that time. But since a young and rather idle set have, much to the annoyance of the more serious, pretended to work there, examples of an applicant's ability may be demanded in addition.

After the Italian, Spanish, and Dutch rooms,

perhaps the visitor will turn with some interest to the "Liber Studiorum," and three hundred lovely water-colors by Turner, varying in style from striking effects in the Alps done on gray paper with body color, to the exquisitely finished vignettes designed as illustrations to Rogers's "Italy," Campbell's Poems, and "Rivers of France." The former are hung in a small room of the gallery, accessibly low for study, while the latter three hundred are locked in cabinets below, where a fire is always burning to prevent any dampness. Of these, only twelve are allowed to be brought above for copying at any one time, and for this privilege a note of permission is necessary to the especial guardian, Mr. Paine, who has the sole charge of them. As they are always in great demand, it is well worth while to secure the precedence by being before the big doors in Trafalgar Square at the time of opening; this analysis of Turner's work often proving more profitable to a student of water-colors than any lessons from a living master at a guinea an hour.

The Venetian views in oils, also, of a later period, are excellent for copying in water-colors, and have a most charming effect, for in these Turner seems to have painted thinly on a solid white ground, so

suggesting the more delicate medium that one is quite deceived at the first sight, the glass over them only adding to the illusion, though some of these "beautiful dreams," as Mr. Hamerton so truly calls them, are too sadly faded to be considered much more than suggestions in color.

Sometimes one sees good painting done by the copyists, who at a moderate cost will give instruction on the spot to a pupil wishing such help.

Beside the Turners, in the English Department there are the Lawrences, Gainsboroughs, Landseers, Wilkies, Ettys, and Friths, which all claim attention, so that a visitor can study the progress of painting from Cimabue to Rosa Bonheur with greater advantage in this collection, perhaps, than anywhere else, in spite of the contrary opinion expressed by a party of French and Spanish artists at a breakfast in Paris, — that the gems of the National Gallery were but copies, Turner a madman, and the English School in general unworthy consideration.

There are the Kensington and Bethnal Green loan exhibitions also, as well as the little Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where one can copy quite undisturbed by sight-seers, it being little known or frequented, though a curiously interest-

ing place of sliding doors and mysterious panels. It is only a few steps from Bloomsbury, the chosen quarter of our student.

The Duke of Westminster, who possesses the famous "Blue Boy" by Gainsborough, Lord Dudley of Park Lane, and many other private collectors are said to be notedly generous in allowing an artist (presenting proper credentials) many privileges. Naturally the Grosvenor Gallery and numerous annual exhibitions of various societies and clubs will be visited during the season, especially by one in search of instruction in water-colors, as by this means is often found, not only the style desired, but, by consulting the catalogue, the address of a competent teacher.

And let me recommend to any student wanting to acquire a very frank, vigorous method of sketching from nature to see Mr. Bomford (whose name I give in the list farther on) and his work, which possesses the essential qualities of strength and purity necessary to all good water-color painting. His manner, too, of representing foliage is broad and striking, so that if one only went through a course in this branch, the benefit of Mr. Bomford's criticism would be invaluable. He is willing to receive pupils, and will even go out with a class

before nature, to lessen the many difficulties which always confront a beginner, by a wise choice of subject and practical application of studio rules to out-door practice. His terms are very moderate, being three lessons for one guinea, with loan of excellent studies to be copied at home. To reach the address in St. John's Wood one has but to cross Regent's Park from the West Centre of London. Though a student might even think it worth while to engage board for several months in Maida Vale, where the rate would probably be lower than in the city proper. All that part of St. John's Wood is attractive and the site of many elegant residences, a little cottage among these, almost hidden by trees, being the home of Mr. Greene, a fine colorist, and the former teacher of Mr. Bomford, lessons from whom may be preferred to any from the latter, although having a more established reputation makes Mr. Greene's charges somewhat higher.

I have made especial note of the method of painting of these gentlemen, as one rarely sees the more old-fashioned, or what might be called legitimate water-color, the present English school having very generally adopted the use of white, which gives fine atmospheric effects, it is true, and adds brilliancy to foreground touches, but too often has the solidity

of a chromo, as in Mr. Ronbotham's Italian views of places he never saw, or many of Birket Foster's pictures, and destroys all transparency, which to some art lovers is the chief beauty of a water-color. To such, the sketches of the above-named masters will afford infinite pleasure, and a trip to Maida Vale not be without profit.

After the Royal Academy School, where it is exceedingly difficult to gain admittance, if an applicant can pass the examination at the Slade School, Gower Street, the course of instruction will prove a most thorough one, with the advantage to those wishing to study the figure of having excellent life models. The rooms are large, well ventilated, and well lighted not only by day, but also at night, so that every facility necessary for improvement is supplied, though the terms make six months or a year of study rather expensive. A Frenchman is at the head of this institution, and under his supervision etching has been very successfully taken up by many of the pupils, at the same time with the other branches.

A circular stating requirements and all details can be obtained of the curator in the building.

There is also the Kensington Art School, connected with the Kensington Museum, about the

merits of which one hears such different opinions from the best authorities that a student must visit it in person, and examine the general course pursued, in order to form an independent judgment.

A few ladies who remember the Boston School of Design some years ago, and were fortunate enough to belong to the class under the able and inspiring teaching of Mr. Salisbury Tuckerman, know the method to have been nearly the same as that pursued at Kensington; and such saw with great regret that, for want of proper support at the right time, the school in Temple Place had to be given up, as it would have afforded Bostonians the best art advantages. For it was not, as the name would suggest, merely industrial in character, like the present system of Mr. Walter Smith, and was of far more breadth and earnestness than anything found at the Lowell Free School, where good work is almost an impossibility in the crowded, narrow rooms, that, spite of an ever-increasingly rich fund, are the only accommodation for the students. The School of Design seemed exactly the happy medium which best answered to the common need.

But to leave Boston and return to London, mention must be made of a class under the instruction

of Mr. Heatherly in Newman Street, where excellent casts from the antique are provided, as well as the living draped model for oil or water colors, at an exceedingly moderate price. In Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, is a rather elementary school for women, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, who offers certain prizes for the best work done in the various classes, and of this there is an annual exhibition, which, to confess the honest truth, does not strike the visitor, from its standard of merit, as surprisingly creditable to the royal patroness.

I believe I have now named most of the places which have any special claim to attention where a new-comer would seek art instruction in London, and all of these, with the exception of the Kensington School, are in the immediate neighborhood of Bloomsbury, though naturally there are many delightful private clubs and classes accessible to an artist only through the influence of friends.

While fog and mud may still keep one at work in doors and amid city life, two or three days of each week can be most profitably employed in sketching under the beautiful arches of Westminster Abbey. Nothing can be more imposingly grand than the Henry Seventh Chapel, with its old carv-

ing and massive doors, the tattered banners of so many noble families, and the ceiling of wonderful fan-shaped tracery. Everything, from the great chair where so many monarchs have been crowned, to the little, narrow door of St. John the Baptist's Chapel, with its faded Latin inscription, is full of deep interest, while the sunlight, creeping softly in through the fine stained windows, glorifies even the dimmest corner and makes a constant succession of lovely pictures.

Sometimes, while painting in the solemn quiet, one hears rising above the deep tones of the great organ, the chanting of the sweet-voiced choir boys, and wonders if there is in existence finer interior architecture, or a church more *sympatica* (as the Italians would say) than this beautiful abbey.

Nor must the cloisters be passed with indifference, where the fine lines of the massive supports form a capital frame for the towers of the Houses of Parliament rising beyond, and make most effective sketches.

Permission for working there is granted by the Dean of Westminster to any American who can refer to a member of Parliament, or clergyman of the Church of England, for a testimonial of good

character, and guarantee that this great privilege will in no way be abused.

But when the pleasant season approaches, the student will want to enjoy the fresh air, and turn from chilly churches toward the lovely environs, to which trains, omnibuses, and ferry-boats (the latter affording much that is picturesque on the way) quickly transport one.

Windsor, then, seems to come first on the programme of artist or sight-seer, and generally proves most interesting, for after visiting the castle and fine old chapel, by crossing the river and turning to the right, just behind the red walls of Eton College, one catches a good view of the great round tower on the height, with river and boats in the foreground, for filling a leaf of the sketch-book; and the drive to Virginia Water makes a delightful ending to a summer day, before going back to London. Hampton Court, too, with its picture gallery and lovely Bushy Park, are attractive places for excursions, of which the labyrinth and donkey races form no unimportant feature.

Pretty new gardens and the fine view from the terrace at Richmond Park are to be seen, where, from the deer feeding close at hand, the eye follows the river between its green banks, made gay

with picnic parties, until it rests on that beacon for so many miles around, the great dome of St. Paul's.

Some people, however, prefer Hampstead Heath, made famous by Copley, Fielding, Turner, David Cox, and so many other English painters, the extreme beauty of its distant prospect being nowhere equalled.

It is a pleasant resort, with colors and lunch in the pocket, for wandering about or sitting under the one group of tall pines, to try putting on paper the effect of London, charmingly hazy in the distance, or the shadow of fleeting clouds playing over the brilliant green of the surrounding slopes. Our artist can do the fashionable thing by going to Greenwich to eat whitebait, or row on the river to Twickenham, where there are many pretty bits of scenery, and just above the bridges plenty of subjects for the brush. Clumsy lumber-boats with dull yellow sails moored along the Thames embankment, flanked by immense breweries, — which, surmounted oftentimes by stone lions and striking devices, might easily be mistaken for palaces, — make capital compositions, as Doré has so powerfully illustrated. Or, better still, take the train from Shoreditch Station to Angel Road,

where, after a walk of a mile between flowery hedges and through verdant meadows, the lover of the picturesque sees with delight the ruined Norman tower of Chingford Church.

Descending the hill from this crumbling pile, standing amid the time-stained headstones of its little graveyard, by traversing a part of Epping Forest, lying a long way farther on, a traveller can drink a beaker to the memory of old Joe Willett, at the veritable "Maypole Inn," seated at the table where Dickens himself has often dined.

Guildford, too, not far from the city, has quiet, attractive scenery, with some interesting old houses, and Seven Oaks, in Kent, is particularly recommended for its many beautiful trees. Clovelly and Dartmore take artists in that direction; and if one ventures as far as the uncertain climate of Wales, Bettws-y-coed is said to be the most favorable spot on which to pitch a painter's camp.

After some of these country excursions it is a good plan to occasionally select a successful study, and try one's fate at the hands of a critical jury, say that of the Dudley Gallery, for instance. Acceptance of a picture for so small and popular a collection is always a great encouragement, and if by good chance the modest student finds, on a first

visit, a black star affixed to the frame of her production, announcing to the world its sale at the "private view," when only the invited few are admitted, such a happy surprise is worth making an effort to enjoy. A famous painter once said, "Criticism never hurt any one, but praise has spoiled many a good artist"; and on this principle, beginning early to expose one's work, and taking success or failure in the right spirit, seems the surest road to improvement. Beside, no money ever seems so entirely one's own, or to last as long, as any thus earned.

Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham also have excellent exhibitions during the summer, opening just after that at the Royal Academy is over, and have the reputation of being the best places for selling amateur work. For England's greatest art patrons are not the noblemen, as a stranger might imagine, but the rich manufacturers and tradespeople, who buy pictures freely, and pay most generously for them.

CHAPTER III.

CLOTHES, SHOPS, AND ADDRESSES.

PERHAPS after six months or more of painting, our student wishes to replenish her wardrobe, and begins to haunt the shops, and wonder which are the best to patronize, and where a good dressmaker can be found. If so, a few hints on these points may not be unwelcome; for even to a busy, economical woman, who only wishes to be neatly and tastefully dressed, whether at work or play, the subject of clothes must sometimes become a necessary consideration.

And to combine beauty with cheapness is always found to be difficult, so one discovers with satisfaction that substantial cloth of all kinds and dress goods cost less in London than elsewhere There is little taste or style, to be sure, shown in any of the ready-made costumes displayed in the windows at such reasonable prices; but at Howells

& James, Regent Street, Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, or through court and theatre furnishers, pretty and well-made suits can be obtained.

Evidently the English do not, like American ladies, believe in the oft-quoted remark, that "there is a repose in being well dressed that religion fails to give," for nowhere is the so-called *dowdy* as frequently encountered as in the great capital.

A certain class of Londoners express a praiseworthy disapproval of slavishly imitating fashions set by the Parisian demi-monde, though unfortunately, most of those holding this opinion entirely lack the eye for color and effect, which, without going to any extreme, can produce a charming *ensemble.* Perhaps, then, the task of combining English sense with French taste must be left to my countrywomen, together with the wearing of water-proofs, thick boots, and heavy materials, so characteristic of the former, with the same grace as the exquisite but less durable fabrics of the latter.

Possibly our student, like Miss Hosmer, loves art much, but horses more, and needs a new habit, in which to occasionally take a turn in Rotten Row, or refresh a weary head by a ride to Richmond Park. If this should be the case, she will go

to Wolmershausen, Curzon Street, Mayfair, and after selecting a suitable cloth, is shown to the fitting-room, where, summoned by a bell, a gentlemanly individual appears, and, somewhat to her surprise, proceeds in a business-like manner to take the necessary measures. On a second visit she mounts a life-size rocking-horse, and endeavors to find a flaw, if possible, in the faultlessly fitting garment, the skirt of which, cut with a peculiar gore at the knee, hangs in most graceful folds.

Strange as it seems at first to be fitted by a man instead of the usual deft fingers of a woman, yet one is obliged to confess that the result proves him to be, in this as in so many other professions, the more clever of the two.

One masterly stroke of the scissors, forming what is known as the "Wolmershausen gore," has alone given this establishment its world-wide reputation, though not only habits, but every description of costumes, to the thinnest ball-dress, is made here in an equally perfect manner. Consequently, though the first cost is perhaps somewhat greater than at other places, patronage of the Mayfair firm will in the end prove economical.

A beaver riding hat for a lady, also, only to be purchased in the United States for seven or eight dol-

lars, can be had at Sparrow's in High Holborn for twelve or thirteen shillings, which certainly shows a considerable difference.

Reliable black silks, either Bonnet or of English manufacture, must be sought for at Hilditch's, less being demanded for the former by this house than at the company's establishment in Lyons, it has been affirmed by travellers.

The India Outfitting Company supplies the best of ready-made underclothes, and water-proof cloth by the yard; also Scholbred or Bennet, Southhampton Row, the most substantial hosiery at reasonable prices. London is the city of all others in which to buy furs, and August the time to pay from eight to twenty guineas and become the possessor of a long sealskin paletot or silk, fur-lined circular in which to defy the cold of many American winters.

Bonnets, ribbons, feathers, and little things are spoken of as presents at Whiteley's, where a lunch too is offered free of charge to any one making large purchases, after the style of the cake and sirop given ladies at the Bon Marché in Paris. But to any one of thrifty disposition, with patience enough to delay buying until the close of the London season (when articles of every description are

marked down to the lowest figures), shopping will become a pleasure.

A resident of England for any length of time will undoubtedly choose the "Civil Service" or "Army and Navy stores" as being preferable to others in every respect, particularly if living in lodgings and providing for one's self, when a ticket to the grocery department will save many pence in the course of a year, and the quality of everything be warranted.

It is taken for granted that a painter will not neglect before leaving to lay in a large stock of water-colors, from Winsor & Newton's, Rathbone Place, as such are so much more expensive elsewhere; also paper of all kinds, whether for artistic or literary purposes.

Mr. Callen will do any framing of pictures neatly and cheaply, or act as exhibition agent if desired to do so, though by asking for a Bowney Catalogue at any color-shop, all dates and necessary details can be obtained for attending to such matters without an agent's assistance.

TEACHERS OF WATER-COLORS.

Mr. NAFTIL, 4 St. Stephen's Square, Bayswater.

Mr. L. G. BOMFORD, 5 Lanark Villas, Maida Vale, St. John's Wood, W.

Mr. E. GREENE, 3 Circus Road, St. John's Wood.
Mr. KEWEEN, Oakfield House, Park Road, Haverstock Hill, N. W.
Mr. R. P. NOBLE, 111 Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.
Mr. READE, Wells Street, from Oxford Street.
Mr. J. STEEPLE, 18 Leighton Crescent, Brecknock Road.
Mr. I. CARLISLE, 56 Adelaide Road, Haverstock Hill, N. W.
Mr. NEEDHAM, Sunny Side, Sutton, Surry.
Miss CHARLOTTE PHILLOT, 259 Stanhope Street, Mornington Crescent, N. W. (For heads and figures.)

BOARDING AND LODGING HOUSES.

Miss HILLS, 14 Thayer Street, Manchester Square. (Prices high.)
Miss JACK, 9 Dorset Square. (Prices high.)
Miss FINCH, 82 and 84 Seymour Street. (Moderate.)
Miss REDDIT, 86 Seymore Street, Hyde Park.
Miss FLEMINGS, 15 New Cavendish Street.
Miss RUTTER, 9 Woburn Place.
Misses WARNER, 23 Torrington Square. (Cheap.)
Mrs. WASLEY, 43 Upper Bedford Place. (Clean, and very reasonable.)
Mrs. ADAMS, 37 Somerset Street, Portman Square (ten shillings for room, and meals as one orders), 25 and 59 Torrington Square. (Excellent lodgings.)
Mr. BURR, 11 Queen's Square, 23 Norfolk Street, Strand. (Small hotel.)
Mrs. BROWN, Warwick (Can be heard of at Timm's bakers' shop, Main Street.)
Miss WAREHAM, No. 3 Crosby Terrace, Leamington. (Neat lodgings and excellent food.)
Mrs. PIPER, 156 Walton Street, Oxford.
"THE BLOSSOMS," Chester.
SHAKESPEARE ARMS, Stratford.

SHOPS.

SCOTT ADIES, Regent Street. (For water-proofs)
HOWELL & JAMES, Regent Street. (For dresses.)
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street. (For dresses.)
HILDITCH, 3 Cheapside. (For black silks.)
SCHOLBRED'S, Tottenham Court Road. (For hosiery.)
COOKE'S, 71 Oxford Street. (For furs.)
SPARROW & SON, 66 High Holborn. (For riding hats.)
INDIA OUTFITTING COMPANY, Cheapside. (For ready-made underclothes.)
WHITELEY'S, Westbourne Grove. (For bonnets, ribbons, etc.)
BRODIE & MIDDLETON, 79 Long Acre. (For cheap art materials.)
CALLEN'S, 12 Great St. Andrews Street, Bloomsbury. (For cheap frames.)
Nytch and Wardour Streets, for antiquity shops.
Covent Garden Market. (For fine flowers.)
Civil Service Stores or Army and Navy Shops. (For every description of article and provisions at strictly just prices, but a card from a subscriber is necessary.)
LEAPER & DAWSON, Vere Street. (Excellent dressmakers.)

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS.

THE American art student, who gives but a week to London and water-colors before passing on to the gayer city Paris for an education in oils, will find it economical, if not provided with a through ticket by the steamer company, to cross the channel by almost any route rather than fashionable Calais and Dover. Say Dieppe and New-Haven, for instance, where the fare is but thirty francs, second class, the baggage rates very low, and the boats of the company larger and more comfortable.

Arrived in the metropolis and turning toward what is often called the painters' quarter of the *rive droite* or north side of the Seine (that circuit lying between the *gare du Nord* and *gare St. Lazare*, the Opera House and Montmartre), finds almost every block on Boulevard Clichy, Rochechonart, and the

intervening streets entirely given up to studios ; for not only do some of the leading masters, like Bonnat, Gérôme, and Müller, meet their classes in that locality, but also have their private residences there.

All Paris, however, is apt to strike a new-comer as being but one vast studio, particularly if seeing it for the first time of a morning, either in summer or winter, between seven and eight o'clock, when students, bearing paint-box and *toile*, swarm in all directions, hurrying to their *cours;* or still more when artistic excitement reaches its height, during the days appointed for sending work to be examined by the jury of the Salon. Then pictures literally darken the air, borne on men's shoulders and backs, packed in immense vans, or under an arm of the painter himself, all going to the same destination, — the Palais de l'Industrie on the Champs Elysées.

L'École des Beaux Arts, beside Monsieur Jackson and other masters, attracts many to the Latin Quartier for forming another little art world, so a stranger decides each *arrondissement* offers some advantages, and it is not a question of so much importance as in limitless London, where one selects an abode.

But to a party or painter, counting expense and crossing the Atlantic for several years of study in Paris, to hire and furnish an apartment is undoubt-

edly much cheaper than any hotel or pension can be. For living, until one learns the real French manner of doing it, is quite as high as in America, and a visitor is sadly disappointed if cheapness is expected to be found in anything beyond gloves and Turkey carpets.

To furnish even a small apartment prettily takes time and trouble, as every woman knows, but if one chooses to spend a few hundred francs at Hotel Druot (the great auction-rooms of Paris), a fine collection of useful and ornamental *meubles* may be bought for surprisingly little money, not perhaps quite new, but if carefully selected, suitable to adorn an American studio when no longer needed in France. And as household articles after a year's use, together with bric-à-brac which belongs in the category of "artist's tools of trade," can pass the customs free, the question of heavy duties in transporting such has not to be considered.

It is found very convenient, and even necessary, to number in a party about to settle in Paris one member of a domestic turn of mind, as a *bonne*, *femme de menage* and *blanchisseuse* each need careful looking after. For, like the merchants, they seem to consider all foreigners as fair prey, and proceed to fleece such unfortunates to the best of their ability.

It has never been my happy experience to find one of this class who could be called strictly honest, and it becomes almost laughable to see how, like so many among the Irish help of America, they make a decided distinction between the purse and the provisions of a mistress. For though a pile of gold may be safely left for any length of time within reach, everything, from butter to charcoal, is unhesitatingly appropriated in the *cuisine*, and family or relations in the neighborhood luxuriously supported thereon.

Some ladies do not mind such trifles, and quietly submit, paying the thirty francs demanded for service by a *bonne*, beside board, clothes, and lodging, per month without a murmur. Others try to settle this vexed question of help by preparing breakfast and lunch for themselves, only engaging a *femme de menage*, at five sous per hour, for all other work and cooking the dinner.

I have known ladies coming to Paris for only a short time, wishing to accomplish much shopping or sight-seeing with economy, be very comfortable by taking a room at the "Grande Hotel du Louvre," where by aid of a spirit-lamp a delicious cup of coffee is provided in the morning, lunch taken at a restaurant, in any part of the city where their

wanderings may have led them, returning only at night for the substantial *table d'hôte* of the hotel.

Still another way, which has been followed by many students with success, is to hire a furnished room in some small hotel, such as one finds in Rue de Douai, for instance, at a franc per day, make one's breakfast of a roll and cup of coffee, taken at a *crêmerie*, buying lunch *en route* for the studio, and at six o'clock going to the nearest Duval establishment for a dinner, costing from one franc, fifty centimes, upward.

This, amounting in all to about four francs per day, a lady affirmed, judging from her own experience, was by far the cheapest and simplest arrangement possible for one intent on studying art in Paris.

For though it may have a somewhat homeless sound in description, yet the French live so entirely in the theatres, cafés, and on the boulevards, that a stranger looks in vain for anything corresponding to an English or American home, the comfort and beauty of which, like the word itself, seeming quite unknown in the frivolous capital.

Then, too, supposing our artist wants to study from early until late, and has perhaps sufficient strength and eyesight for the evening *séance* at the

chosen *cours*, the hours are so fully occupied, there is no time for homesick repinings, so I will try to aid in the accomplishment of her plans, if possible, by mentioning some classes for instruction that have come under my notice.

Firstly, then, is the well lighted and ventilated studio of Monsieur Krug, No. 11 Boulevard Clichy, devoted to female students in all branches of art, and where the much-discussed question of the propriety of women's studying from the nude is settled in a delicate and proper manner by the gentlemanly director. Here one has the great advantage of severe and discriminating criticism, two mornings in each week, from Monsieur Carl Müller, the painter of the well-known "Conciergerie during the Reign of Terror," hanging in the Luxembourg, and the recipient of every honor France has to bestow on a man of genius. Monsieur Cott and the sculptor, Carrier-Belleuse, also visit the class to inspect the afternoon and evening drawings. Monsieur Krug's prices are moderate, being one hundred francs per month, for the two daily and one evening *séance*, with no extra charge for the excellent models provided, or for towels, soap, etc., as is often the custom.

This is, on some accounts, for an American lady,

new to painting and Paris, the best *atelier* she could choose, for many are overcrowded, badly managed, expensive, or affording only objectionable companionship. Still the pupils or admirers of each leading painter sing his praises loud and long, and those who receive ladies are Messieurs Chaplin, Barrais, Duran, Cabanel, Jackson, Luminais, Bougereau, Robert Fleurry, and Lefebre.

Then there is Jullien's upper and lower school, in Passage Panorama, where a student receives criticism from the first leading authorities, and is surrounded by splendidly strong work on the easels of the many faithful French, who for years have crowded the dirty, close rooms, though I believe the lower school, as it is called, or male class, no longer opens its doors to women, for the price, being but one half that of the upper school, attracted too many. Also with better models, and a higher standard of work, it was yet found to be an impossibility that women should paint from the living nude models of both sexes, side by side with Frenchmen.

This is a sad conclusion to arrive at, when one remembers the brave efforts made by a band of American ladies some years ago, who supported one another with such dignity and modesty, in

a steadfast purpose under this ordeal, that even Parisians, to whom such a type of womanly character was unknown and almost incomprehensible, were forced into respect and admiration of the simple earnestness and purity which proved a sufficient protection from even their evil tongues; M. Jullien himself confessing that if all ladies exercised the beneficial influence of a certain Madonna-faced Miss N. among them, anything would be possible.

Something beside courage was needed for such a triumph; and young women of no other nationality could have accomplished it, though, it must be acknowledged, a like clique will not easily be met with again.

So, let those who commonly represent the indiscreet, husband-hunting, title-seeking butterfly as the typical American girl abroad, at least do her the justice to put this fact on record, to her credit.

It only needs, however, the co-operation of a sufficient number of earnest female students to form a club, hire a studio, choose a critic, and engage models, to secure the same advantages now enjoyed only by men, at the same exceedingly low rates. This plan was seriously talked of not long ago, and only failed of being put into execution

from the want of one member with time and energy enough to take upon herself the responsibility of making a beginning.

But it is the right thing to be done, and the only way open at present to successfully rectify the injustice of prices charged by Parisian masters for art instruction to women. Though, strange to say, these same masters, outside of their own studios, are generous of their time and will seldom refuse criticism to a class of ladies entirely free of charge.

This, however, may not be from wholly disinterested motives, as pupils are constantly proving by their ability and success, that time has not been wasted on them, and the honors received can only give added lustre to the master's name and make his troop of followers the larger.

American women, particularly, are beginning to lead in this direction, so there should be no pains spared to remove all obstacles in the most direct path to a thorough education for them, by bringing the best in every branch within their (too often) limited means.

An unprejudiced judge of pictures, in Paris, making the tour through the studios of Americans of both sexes, and carefully examining the work found there and at the Salon consecutive seasons,

cannot but admit that in many instances that of the women is far superior and, what is somewhat surprising, far stronger in style than most of that done by the men.

If Mr. John Sargent be excepted, whose portrait of Carolus Duran alone undoubtedly places him in the first rank of painters, there is no other male student from the United States in Paris to-day, exhibiting in his pictures the splendid coloring always found in the work of Miss Casatte, from Philadelphia, or the strength and vigor of Miss Dodson's "Deborah," particularly remarked in this year's Salon.

It is something of a boast for America to possess even these women candidates for artistic honors whose work bears favorable comparison with so much that is excellent done by the men of the same nationality, and that of the French in the great exhibitions; for even among the latter, a nation of painters as it is, the names only of Rosa Bonheur, Nelie Jacquemart, Louise Abbema, and Sara Bernhardt occur as having so far distinguished themselves in art. With the last named, too, it seems more the versatility of talent shown by the leading actress of the Théâtre Français, than real merit as sculptor or painter, which attracts

the crowd about any production of hers. And what is notably striking in the pictures of Rosa Bonheur is her bold, almost masculine use of the brush, compared with the more delicate, even uncertain style of her brother, Jules Bonheur. A stranger, seeing the two canvases side by side, would unhesitatingly select hers as the work of the man. Of the same lady M. Krug tells a story.

Some years ago, before Barbizon became the rendezvous it now is for artists from every part of the globe, he, together with a party of painters, went to that corner of the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau, on a sketching trip; and in coming and going from the one little hotel the town contained, they often met a slender, solitary youth, who with easel and colors seemed from early until late intent only on work.

His great reserve and unsociability awakened, naturally enough, some curiosity about him, until it was discovered that the youth was no other than the distinguished Rosa Bonheur, who, for greater independence, had donned male attire to paint unknown at Barbizon. The artists religiously kept her secret, and not until long after did she learn that she had been recognized and her disguise of little account.

The art school which she founded, and which, if I am not mistaken, bears her name, has successfully operated for years, and offers many advantages, free of all cost, to the aspiring young French girl.

Monsieur Jackson, who holds a high rank as draughtsman, though little is heard or seen of his pictures, enjoys a great reputation as a teacher, being severe in criticism, exceedingly thorough in method, and slow to allow a pupil to begin in color until well grounded in drawing. He visits the lower gallery of the Louvre twice a week, where many of his class draw in charcoal from the antique, as this is thought the best preparation for beginning from life, which seems at first so insurmountably difficult. His *atelier* is in Rue des Beaux Arts, and his prices are somewhat high, being one hundred francs a month for one daily *séance.* Fantin-la-Tour, whose work, so often exposed in London shop-windows, has only to be seen to be admired, has his apartment in the same street, and occasionally takes pupils for moderate remuneration.

Charles Jacque, also, whose sheep, amid such rich forest scenery, seem to blink at a spectator from so many frames, considers Americans his best

patrons, and will receive a student desirous of becoming an animal painter.

There are stories told, too, of a famous artist living at Ecouen, who has one entire side of his ground-floor working room built of glass, and opening directly into a yard where his favorite animals are kept ready for study at all times. But the name of this gentleman is discreetly withheld, together with the fact of whether he would willingly allow pupils the same advantages as those arranged for himself.

Ecouen (since Couture no longer attracts Americans to the little village on the hill so long common meeting-ground for students) has become very popular. For not only is living cheap and the country pretty, but Monsieur Edouard Frère does much not only as painter and teacher, but by hospitably opening his *salon* once a week, to make the town an agreeable residence for strangers.

Before turning toward the *banlieue*, an artist may think it best to copy some of the Rembrandts of the Louvre, so often suggested by Bonnat to his pupils as good practice, or the smaller yet attractive pictures in the Le Caze room, or even put an easel up before the more modern ones in the Luxembourg, though the charming old Hotel Cluny, with

its ruined baths standing in the pretty garden, its spiral stone staircase leading to the quaint little chapel, royal chambers, and even royal bed above, and the many chariots and interesting relics of the museum below, will prove, I imagine, irresistible. The picturesque front, with its antique windows and fine stonework, old well, and escutcheons, makes in itself a good subject for color at the entrance, though to take it from the opposite sidewalk would not be easy, sketching in the open air in Paris being surrounded by all kinds of difficulties, from the permission which must be demanded of the authorities, to the impertinent rabble that immediately collects to look over one's shoulder.

To avoid all this, the painters of street-scenes, a subject most fashionable just now, resort to hiring a *fiacre* by the hour, seated in which, with pencil or brush, they can catch a likeness of the passers or desired object, unobserved and unmolested.

An order for working in the Museum or the grounds surrounding it is easily obtained from an official in his office on the second floor, if a student is not discouraged by the disagreeable *concierge*, who gives as little information as possible on the subject, and is very reluctant to show the way up.

Everybody goes to St. Germain (en Laye), to

enjoy the extended view while dining in the hotel-garden, or to St. Denis to examine the church and relics, to the Sèvres china manufactory, or Versailles, for its picture gallery, Trianon, and Grandes Eaux ; or taking one of the *bateaux mouches*, which from the quay ply the river in each direction, goes as far as St. Cloud, to walk in the park and climb the hill to the walls of the once fine château ; or, after the fashion of the pleasure-loving Parisians, mounts a tram on a Sunday for visiting the fort and forest of Vincennes.

Very possibly, however, a good Puritan would hardly accept that last suggestion, or approve the hard-working French *ouvrier*, who, with big dinner-basket, takes wife and children, to spend this day of leisure in some neighboring wood, or if too poor to go as far, stretches himself on the grass amid the yellow dandelions encircling the city fortifications. For Sunday is wholly the people's day in France, and always a gay one, galleries, theatres, and every place of entertainment being open ; yet there is less drunkenness and disorder than at other times, the extra trains bearing the *bourgeois* by thousands into the country.

Many Americans resident in Paris resort in summer to the towns named above, preferring a

taste of country life to watering-places and the sea. But all of these resorts, especially Versailles, St. Germain, and St. Cloud, are fashionable and more or less expensive, the farmers and market-gardeners preferring to transport their products directly to the central city *halles* and pay the high rate of *octroi* to selling in smaller quantities nearer home, and this makes provisions and actual living higher than in the capital itself, though rents and other things are proportionately less. Even Ville d'Avray, Meudon, and the smaller places are not found to be as cheap as a stranger might expect, but apartments are plenty and the scenery picturesque.

Meudon deserves description a little more in detail, as an artist could select no lovelier spot for sojourning in any of the environs, and it is easily reached in twenty minutes from the *gare* Montparnasse, by the *rive gauche* for Versailles.

The well-known view from the Terrace, of Paris with its many spires, gilded dome of the Invalides, and towers of the Trocadéro, relieved against the steep rise of Montmartre, the Seine winding under its white, arched bridges almost to one's feet at Bas Meudon, makes, on a sunny day, a truly dazzling panorama, which fully equals, if not surpasses, that famous view of Rome from the Pincio.

The air is like champagne, wonderfully clear and invigorating, for Meudon is built along the sloping sides of a hill rising very abruptly from the Seine and green Val Fleury. It seems quite on a level with Mont Valérien, whose embattled summit shows finely through the vista formed by the beautiful lime-trees, on either hand of the "Avenue du Château."

The building to which this fine avenue conducts was erected by the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., who died in it, Napoleon fitting it up for Marie Louise, to be destroyed in 1871 by the shells of the Prussians, so that now only three sides of it remain, one corner of the outer *bâtiment* serving as an observatory, the rest as barracks or stables.

The artist will walk delightedly about the village, and perhaps discover the straggling pathway leading to the plateau at the foot of the château-wall, from which one commands a very extended prospect. The lofty viaduct and wooded valley, with the red roofs of Issy, make a becoming *fond* for the large wheels turning like windmills on the hill of Fleury, or for the stone *abreuvoir*, where noble Normandy horses, in heavy harnesses, blue sheepskin collars, and squirrel-tails dangling at their

ears, drink in close proximity to the peasants washing their salads. But the charms of the far-reaching "Bois de Meudon" are beyond description, it not being carefully laid out in walks and artificial ponds, but all is wild and picturesque along its broad avenues, which in times past have seen so much royal hunting.

In autumn, when the fagot-women, in bright handkerchiefs, stuff skirts, and sabots, are at work, or the woodcutters, in blue blouses, their scarlet belts filled with glistening knives, sing as they chop, amid the rich russet tints of the grand old trees, it is like opening a portfolio of sketches by Millet.

Perhaps other woods are quite as beautiful, although that at St. Germain, St. Cloud, or Vincennes cannot compare with it, yet the *bois*, with the attractive views and healthy air, makes Meudon a most charmingly artistic retreat for an *outing*.

Farther off from Paris, Grez, near Nemours, within walking distance of Barbizon, and donkey-ride of Fontainebleau, has its admirers. For this small hamlet, never heard of until lately, when rumors of its picturesqueness and the free life led there have reached the studios, has now become quite popular.

One painter after another, with mind filled by many lingering doubts as to what it would be like, has ventured to go, generally being received on his arrival by all the inhabitants of the town, who turn out to see each new-comer and divide any luggage among themselves, for transportation to the one little inn, which, until this year, has been the only accommodation afforded.

The place has its old bridge and ruin, its boating and bathing, the river making these possible for ladies as well as gentlemen, flannel shirts and tramp dresses being the order of the day. Fine clothes are out of place and strictly forbidden by the freedom-loving set which now annually meets in the small rooms of the *auberge*, where board *was* from four to five francs per day, but lately, since a hotel has been started, the rate is raised to six francs, I am told.

The address can be found in the list at the end by any one desirous to try roughing it a little in France; for Grez quite corresponds on one side of the Atlantic, to Clark's Island, off Plymouth, Mass., on the other, and though not by the sea, it still possesses the same charm to those who have once been adventurous enough to spend a summer there.

But if a student prefers taking advantage of the

cheap excursion tickets, issued by many of the railroad companies, to see Switzerland, Venice, Normandy, or Brittany, to spending a vacation nearer Paris, a few hints about some picturesque and historical places in the latter district may be acceptable. If not approaching the western coast from New York to Brest, or Southhampton to St. Malo, the route from Paris takes one through Chartres and Lemans, where the cathedral of each being very fine, it is well worth stopping over a train to see them.

For the first, besides its grand proportions, and the added interest of Henri IV. having been crowned there, possesses, perhaps, the finest stained glass in all France, and three rose-windows among its one hundred and thirty, which mostly date from the thirteenth century, are very beautiful.

The cathedral at Lemans, dedicated to St. Julian, deserves great attention, parts of it being of the eighth and ninth century, and the choir is of 1220, that period when pointed Gothic architecture was in its perfection. The colored glass, too, is almost as lovely as that at Chartres, and in the town some specimens of mediæval work still remain, the house of Queen Berengaria being pointed out as one of these.

The traveller will hardly stop at Rennes, unless

for changing trains to St. Malo, in the north, which is an old, picturesque place, and from which one takes the boat, going up the pretty river Rance, passing under the magnificent viaduct to reach Dinan. Here an artist can rest with delight for many months, as everything, from the adjacent country, which is thought to be the most beautiful in Brittany, to the ancient gateways and clock-tower in a street so narrow that the gabled roofs meet overhead, is sufficiently attractive to keep the brush constantly busy.

Queen Anne's castle, now a prison, the old town-wall and watch-towers, fine fosse, and Romanesque St. Sauveur, all are interesting; also the steep descent to the river, two hundred and fifty feet below, down which the many little streets run so precipitately, that, particularly in Rue de Jerznal, even a foot-passenger finds the way almost impracticable, and wonders how the royal carriage ever accomplished an exit by this, at one time, only route.

It may be a disappointment not oftener to meet, in this corner of France, with the old costumes which one naturally expects in a place where the world seems to have stood still for centuries. But it is only occasionally on a fête-day that one en-

counters a peasant *en grande tenue*, and the white caps, of different styles and shapes, seem the only distinguishing feature of the various towns or cantons. Curious figures sometimes make their appearance at the weekly pig-market held in Place St. Louis, where the women do the trading, fighting valiantly with an obstinate or enraged animal, and sometimes conquering only by mounting him, squealing loudly, on to their shoulders, and so bearing him off in triumph, amid the commendations of the crowd. It is a most amusing scene, so decidedly new and varied in character as to be well worth taking a stroll to see; but further, in the same direction from the town, is pretty Lehon, with its castle, abbey, and chapel of the Beaumanoirs, the latter standing so near the river that its ruined windows are distinctly reflected in the stream below. The thatched huts of the peasants, too, who sit stripping the golden osiers at their doors, and the fine view from the hill of Dinan's antique towers and spires, make this a charming walk. But there are plenty of excursions in almost every direction to the Château de la Garaye, read of in Mrs. Norton's verse, and a good subject for color, where the old stables, now used as a house, contain furniture made from the carved oak mangers

and stalls. The castles of Montafilant and La Hunaudaye, reached by donkey-ride or carriage-drive, must all be visited.

Toward the coast is Morlaix, which is very quaint and boasts the finest viaduct in France; and here, too, one at last sees the real Breton costume, the trunk-hose, wide-brimmed hats, and shaggy locks. There is much old Gothic architecture also remaining, and a fine carved staircase near the quay.

Going from here, a little south is Pontaven (Finistère), so much frequented lately by artists. It is near the sea and within carriage-drive of the Pointe or Bec du Ray, which is the most tempest-tossed part of the coast, the Baie des Trépasésss being at all times covered with wrecks and affording fine effects for a marine painter.

But from Dinan a more history-loving traveller will take the diligence to the nearest station on the main railroad, and retrace the way as far as Lemans, diverging there southward to Tours and so follow for a time the Loire, along which so many kingly châteaur are found, either going *via* Bourges, Moulins, Lyons, and Geneva into Switzerland, or taking Amboise, Chenonceaux, Blois, and Orleans on the return route for Paris. Tours has

a fine Gothic cathedral, with a strikingly rich ornamental façade dating from the fifteenth century, beside some stained glass that will arrest the visitor for a long morning before going on to Amboise, where the castle, conspicuous on the great cliff, was long the residence of the French kings. One can mount from below to the summit of this height by following a broad, winding passage — up which carriages were wont to drive, the ascent is made so gradually — within the tower.

From these walls were hung the bodies of the Huguenots slaughtered by the Duc de Guise, and from the balcony Catherine de Medicis and Mary Queen of Scots watched the execution of still more of these victims.

The little chapel in the garden has a most beautiful carving over its doorway of St. Hubert and the stag with the cross between its horns, and the groined roof and frieze of stonework is of the most delicate sculpture. The building in the form of a cross was erected for Anne of Brittany, and restored by Louis Philippe. It is said, too, that Leonardo da Vinci spent the last years of his life at Amboise in the Château de Cloux.

The drive from the Lion d'Or to Chenonceaux is most delightful, lying through the forest and

crossing the moat to the picturesque château built by Francis I. directly over the river Cher. The old furniture, armor, and enamels have been preserved, and make the interior, with its tapestry and picture-gallery of historical portraits, seem very home-like. Among the latter is one of Diane de Poitiers in the very abbreviated costume of the goddess for whom she was named; also one of Agnes Sorel and Rabelais; and in the apartments of the present occupant (which are occasionally obligingly shown a visitor) are two magnificent Troyons, such as one seldom meets with even in large collections.

The château has known many royal inhabitants, having been given by Henri II. to Diane de Poitiers and used by him as a retreat when hunting. Then Catherine de Medicis took possession, and bequeathing it to the widow of Henri III., it descended to the Condés. In the time of Madame Dupin (George Sand's grandmother), Voltaire and Rousseau visited it, and the latter's opera, "Le Divin du Village," was performed in the little theatre adjoining, so the loquacious guide informs the visitor.

Still more royal history meets one at Blois, and seems brought very near in certain rooms of the

castle where so many momentous events took place. For the winding staircase, very richly decorated with the salamanders of Francis I., leads to the apartment where Henri III. distributed the daggers, and beyond, to the very cabinet where Henri le Balafré, just as he was pushing aside the *portière*, was attacked and pierced by many blades. The *valet de place* points to the very spot where, as the body laid, the royal murderer spurned it with his foot, saying, "Je ne le croyais pas aussi grand."

The observatory of Catherine de Medicis, with its inscription, "Uraniae Sacrum," is shown, as also the window from which Queen Marie de Medicis escaped when banished here by Louis XIII.

Besides the fine staircases and sculpture of the castle, Blois is in itself interesting and picturesque, with numerous streets of steps and old houses of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century, which to do full justice to on paper or canvas, would employ a painter for some length of time.

Orleans has little of interest to offer beside the relics of the famous Maid, whose equestrian statue, with base of bass-reliefs, is the best among the many of her in France. Also, her portrait at the *mairie*, and house of carved wood, are generally considered

objects to be visited, as well as the site of the old bridge and the fort of "Les Tourelles," which was the scene, it will be remembered, of her most brilliant exploit.

This city would be the end of the little tour which I have tried, in a general way, to suggest, as preferable for any artist wanting to secure a rich historical background for pictures, while making Dinan, or St. Malo perhaps, the final destination for living cheaply in the most attractive part of Brittany.

MODES AND MAGASINS.

Even supposing our lady-artist has been strong-minded enough to leave London without buying new clothes, she will certainly find it quite impossible to say good by to Paris without at least one new costume, fresh from the hand of some stylish *couturière,* and by buying the materials of silk or woolen, say for a spring suit, a little late in the season, at one of the annual sales in the large shops, when coupons of such, together with trimmings of all descriptions, are nearly given away, a comparatively small sum will cover this first outlay.

Then Madame Thierry, for instance (whose name

is in the annexed list), possessing taste and fitting well, will for forty or fifty francs, linings, etc., included, make an entirely satisfactory suit.

So that as a whole, if accomplished in the right way, this addition to a lady's wardrobe can hardly be looked upon as an extravagance.

At the same time ready-made costumes are all reduced in price, and the "Petit St. Thomas" generally exhibits particularly pretty ones, at much less cost than the same at the well-known "Bon Marché." As regards the latter *magasin*, there is a very mistaken notion of its being cheap, for with the exception of gloves, ornaments, and little articles, everything is notably costlier than at the Louvre, Printemps, Tapis Rouge, and smaller shops. The dressmaking department is expensive and not particularly commendable, but being especially patronized by Americans, prices are high accordingly.

Sacques and paletots are offered too, in return for little money, though for anything of this description in furs, London is preferable. English ladies affirm that mourning and all black stuffs also show a great difference in expense, believing them to be much cheaper in their own capital.

A good Bonnet (and that made by the rival house of Jaubert, Andras et Cie.) black silk, of soft, rich

quality, costs in Paris about eight francs a metre, of sixty centimetres width, and a firm at 79 Boulevard St. Michel advertise the making up of mourning and all black material as a specialty at low rates.

Boots of a comfortable make and durable quality seem about the only necessary articles of wear that are not to be found ready made in France. For though the shop-windows are full of enchanting boots, shoes, and slippers of every shape and kind, unless a woman wants to deform her feet by mounting on immensely high heels (which immediately proceed to tread over), there is nothing desirable provided between these and sabots, although at No. 61 Rue Mt. Orgueil, those for fourteen francs, with or without Louis Quinze heels, will prove quite good for service; or at a little shop No. 7 Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, a more sensible article, with cloth or leather tops, costs eighteen francs. But a well-made pair of London guinea boots will wear out three pair of Paris make; so the conclusion is that for everything substantial, from national characteristics to matches and pins, one must go to England and the English.

Hotel Druot is worthy one visit at least, as the private collections of pictures sent there for sale contain sometimes valuable ones seen nowhere

else, and if, as I have before mentioned, an artist is about furnishing apartment or studio, it is surprising what pretty modern or antique articles can be bought for little money.

A very effective set, of richly carved black walnut with velvet covering, I once saw and admired in an *atelier*, cost but 200 francs, or $40, at Hotel Druot.

There also is a *marché* known as the "Temple," frequented by artists for the purchase of tapestry, *portières*, and rich stuffs of various kinds, found at low prices in the little stalls principally kept by Jews, — though no one, under any consideration, is ever made to confess being a patron of this bazaar, as it is not at all *comme il faut* to be seen there, and a purchaser is occasionally haunted by the unpleasant idea that perhaps the seeds of the plague or small-pox lie hidden in the folds of the gorgeous material just bought. The perfectly business-like manner, too, of the saleswomen, in some of the booths, who accept five francs for a bonnet, where at least twenty francs was demanded in the outset, is entertaining, though before making this amiable concession, the aforesaid may have looked a lady in the eye, asking calmly, "Etes-vous folle?"

It is quite the same kind of bargaining, if not a little worse, at the *halles*, where one goes for fresh flowers, or any delicacy too expensive elsewhere, and if, on objecting to a price, one turns to pass on, all kinds of offers and unflattering remarks are hurled after the retreating purchaser until out of sight.

The only way to successfully cope with such people is to *marchander*, in a pleasant manner, and receive all their impertinence with perfect good temper, which converts them into firm friends, ready to serve reasonably and respectfully ever afterward.

As to colors and art materials, those students who prefer to use the best, buy the Edouard and Belgic tubes, taking them from larger picture dealers. But a beginner, using oil colors in quantities for daily studies merely, will find the quality of such sufficiently good, and everything of that nature very inexpensive, at No. 4 Quai des Orfevres. Also all sized paint-brushes at wholesale rates, by going to Petit Ainé, 24 Faubourg St. Denis, where a dozen cost but one franc fifty centimes.

Oil colors, as a rule, are cheaper in Paris than in London; the bitumen is better, and imported to some extent from the latter city, by those who do

not believe, with several of the French masters, that it is dangerous for use, and a color which will never dry, the "Shipwreck," by Gericault, in the Louvre, being cited as proof this. In a few classes it is strictly forbidden to pupils, "Brun de Bruxelles" replacing it in the color-box of the merchant who appears at stated intervals at the studio door.

Jules Lutteus, 12 Avenue des Tilleuls, Montmartre, is a handsome model, who supplies painters with large palettes, mahogany panels, and such articles, at small cost. Also on the other side of the Seine (which is generally considered the cheaper quarter for everything), an *ebéniste*, at 83 Rue des St. Pères, executes all commissions neatly and at reasonable prices. And lastly, if an artist is not fluent in the French language, and wants a teacher (though at many *pensions* the host or hostess includes one or two lessons each week in the cost of board), Mlle. Robert, 33 Rue de Clichy, can be warmly recommended, as very thorough, and far from exorbitant in her terms.

In one and all of the above notes, it must be remembered that cheapness has been the main object, as no visitor can deny that Paris shops are the most brilliantly attractive in the world, offering

all, from distracting bonnets and flowers, to the dazzling display of diamonds seen in the Rue de la Paix or the Palais Royal, that the feminine heart can desire. But such can only be patronized by the rich, and our particular American student is wanting to economize, in order that the often-counted pile of golden louis may not diminish too rapidly before a thorough art education is completed. Moreover, this foreign life, even under the most humble conditions, is full of keen delight to every lover of the beautiful, seeing only the picturesque side of things, and enjoying the little *make-shifts* I have hinted at as suited to the surroundings, and possible only on the European side of the Atlantic.

MAÎTRES DE DESSIN ET DE PEINTURE.

M. BONNAT, 6 Place Vintimille. (With but one exception receives only male pupils.)
M. BOUGUEREAU, 75 Rue Notre Dame des Champs.
M. CABANEL, 8 Rue de Vigny (Parc Monceau).
M. DURAN, 11 Passage Stanislas
M. SUMINAIS, 26 Rue de Laval (Avenue Frochot).
M. LEFEBVRE, 5 Rue de la Bruyère.
M. FANTIN-LA-JOUR, 8 Rue des Beaux Arts.
M. KRUG, 11 Boulevard de Clichy.
M. JACKSON, Rue des Beaux Arts.
M. JULLIEN, Passage Panorama.

M. BARRIAS, 40 Rue Fortuny.
M. JACQUE, 11 Boulevard de Clichy.

PENSIONS.

Mme. THIERRY, 44 Rue de Clichy. (Good room and table, 6 francs per day.)
Miss COOKE, 9 Avenue de Trocadéro. (Moderate prices and much frequented by English and Americans.)
Mme. PENSON, 3 Rue de Boulogne. (Neat, and reasonable in price.)
Mlle. GRAVIER, 127 Faubourg St. Honoré.
Mesdames GAUTIER et DALAMT, 6 Rue Castiglione.
Miss ELLIS, 28 Rue Bassano, and Miss ROBERTS, also Champs Elysées. (Both expensive, but exceedingly comfortable.)
Mrs. WOOLEY, 7 Rue Calysée. (55 francs per week.)
Mme. BEIM, 76 Rue Bonaparte. (8 francs per day.)
No. 67 Avenue de l'Alma. (Rather expensive but comfortable, and French lessons included in board.)
61 Avenue Friedland, Champs Elysées, and 73 Boulevard St. Germain. (Both comfortable, and not expensive.)
2 Rue Larribe, au coin de la Rue Constantinople.

HOTELS.

HOTEL DU PALAIS, 28 Cours la Reine. (Good room and table, 8 francs per day.)
LES TROIS PRINCES, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. (Small private hotel, central and well kept.
Small hotels, with cheap rooms, Rue de Douai.
M. CHEVILLON FILS, Grez, près Nemours, Seine et Narne. (6 francs per day)

DINAN.

HOTEL DU COMMERCE. (Clean and comfortable.)
Mrs. HOBBE'S pension. (35 francs per week.)
Mlle. COSTE'S pension, Place St. Louis. (Comfortable and cheap.)

COUTURIERES.

Mme. LEVILON, 14 Rue de Rome. (Satisfactory but expensive.)
Mme. EMANUEL, 19 Avenue Martignon. (Fashionable and rather dear.)
Mme. FEMARY, 42 Rue Boursault. (Price 60 francs; dress materials included.)
Mme. THIERRY, 6 Rue Joubert. (Stylish, and moderate in price.)
Mme. DUVANSON, 16 Rue des Martyrs.
Mlle. SHERBRONKEE, 45 Rue Abbatucci. (Recommended as excellent and cheap.)
Mlle. FERRET, 14 Boulevard St. Jacques. (Seamstress only.)

MAGASINS.

PETIT ST. THOMAS, Rue du Bac. (Good for ready-made costumes.)
BON MARCHÉ, au coin de la Rue du Bac et Rue de Sèvres.
TAPIS ROUGE, 67 Rue du Faubourg-St.-Martin.
PRINTEMPS, Boulevard Haussman.
HOTEL DROUOT, Rue Drouot.
TEMPLE, Rue du Temple.
A. CHOLET ET CIE., 9 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. (For Edouard and Belgic colors.)
VIEILLE, 35 Rue de Laval. (For reliable colors.)
PONNEL, 4 Quai des Orfèvres. (For cheap colors and materials.)
JULES LUTTENS, 12 Avenue des Tilleuls, Montmartre. (For panels and palettes.)

CHAPTER V.

ROME.

Rome, in my estimation, is the place for a student of sculpture rather than of painting; and as to what art advantages it offers at the present time, I can give but little information, having studied there for one winter only, some years ago.

True it is, however, that the happy graduate of l'École des Beaux-Arts, whose trial sketch receives the Prix de Rome, finds in the solemn atmosphere of the old city sufficient inspiration to accomplish the great picture that, later exposed in Paris, makes his reputation, and perhaps adds his name to the already long list of French masters.

But the thorough familiarity with Roman history which is always required of a Beaux-Arts student accounts for this choice of locality, as well, perhaps, as for the many Neros, Caligulas, and togaed senators who annually make their appearance on canvas of immense proportions.

Monsieur Hébert was a recognized critic in Rome for some time, and Monsieur Bellay much liked as a teacher in water-color heads; also Mr. Crowninshield, from Boston, opened his studio to a class of ladies in sketching from nature.

A few of the Italian painters received female pupils, wishing to work from the draped living models, mostly in water-colors also, they themselves forming an evening class, which met in a large, dusty room, off a little street just behind the Via Babuino.

They were a lively set, smoking or singing as they painted, in a bold, dashing style, from the pretty or interesting model posed under the brilliant reflectors of the raised platform. And even in this artificial light their touch was certain and effective, so much so that it would have been instructive to watch them work, if the smoke of numerous cigarettes and increased confusion, as it grew late, had not prevented this, as well as the possibility of painting with any comfort one's self.

Beside, any lady, seeking instruction here, even seated modestly behind the principal group, might, if perfectly familiar with the Italian tongue, occasionally find the conversation of the students becoming slightly embarrassing, when they freely

discussed not only her ability with color, but her personal appearance and manners.

Also, as the lesson began late, it was apt to keep one at work too far into the night, making an escort home through the deserted streets each evening a matter of absolute necessity. For Rome, even since Victor Emmanuel has made so many improvements, is not comparatively safe, like Paris or London, where a lady can traverse the streets at almost any hour without fear.

It is often a disappointment to art students to find it impossible to copy in the great galleries during cold weather, there being nothing but a *scaldino* of the smallest dimensions provided as a heating apparatus, which in no way affects the atmosphere of the stone-floored rooms or keeps off the rheumatism, that enemy of a persistent copyist in Italy.

So one must believe, as consolation and according to the critics, that the gems of the Borghese, like the Cenci of the Barberini, are such works of pure inspiration that a satisfactory reproduction of them is impossible, and that Guido himself might have failed in a second attempt to portray the tearful face that so universally interests and absorbs.

The Pitti, Uffizzi, and Accademia delle Belle

Arti of Florence are much more hospitable toward a student, though, if desirous of copying the very popular Fra Angelico Madonna, or angels surrounding it, one may have to wait months, even years, for the opportunity, the list of applicants' names always being full, and each obliged to follow in turn.

But few people, particularly artists, will care to frequent galleries when surrounding nature is so wonderfully beautiful, and rich-skinned, large-eyed models sit patiently on the long Spanish steps, or round the fountains, awaiting the Bonnat or Bougereau who is to immortalize them in color.

Certainly none of the profession understand the real art of posing like the Romans and Neapolitans, who make it a regular business, beginning from the cradle and training their children and children's children in the most perfect manner. So that, hackneyed as the type has become, it must also be the chosen one.

Nor is their faithfulness to be forgotten, as that of the beautiful Vincenza, who, after sitting like a statue for hours to a class of ladies, fell fainting from sheer fatigue, yet insisted on finishing the *séance* even to a minute, though money was not an object, full compensation and cab-fare being

pressed upon her as inducement to go home and rest.

There is much pleasure, too, as one passes in hearing the "Buon giorno, Signorina," spoken in soft tones, accompanied by words and smiles from such belles of the Trastevere, for it makes a foreigner feel more one of them and thank a kind fate for drifting one thither, even for a short time, to live among them.

Doubtless a student will do much sketching in the Borghese Gardens and the grounds of the numerous villas, or, driving beyond the city gates, see pictures enough to occupy one for a lifetime.

Particularly on a day appointed for the hunt, when a gay group of equestrians circle about the master, whose scarlet coat makes him a mark for all eyes, and the hounds are hardly to be controlled in their eagerness for the first scent of game, while amid fashionable Rome, crowding every avenue, the American sculptor and horsewoman, on her three-hundred-guinea hunter, presses forward to participate in this exciting scene of the meet. Or later, when the scattered parties turn homeward, riding recklessly over the treacherous ground, through the poisonous purple glow of the incomparable Campagna, that lights up even the

distant, white-capped mountains, it is something for a colorist to see.

Guide-books describe Rome so in detail, as well as the many summer resorts among the mountains, that I will merely add of the latter, Albano is not only high, healthy, and picturesque, but moderate in expense and is occasionally enlivened by a party of Roman painters in various costumes, who drive to this height for enacting a small carnival. Models, too, are not only cheap, but there are the veritable shepherds, in the clothes so often adopted by *atelier* professionals, and seen in pictures, which counts as an advantage; for in Italy, as in France, a stranger must seek the national dress only in very out-of-the-way places, to find it at all generally worn.

The rough-looking mountaineers make grand subjects to exercise an artist's skill and talent upon; and the women, though not handsome, have fine, pronounced features, and heads that, with their braids of blueblack hair, studded with golden ornaments, make strikingly interesting *études*.

At rare intervals one encounters "l'homme à la musette," in face and figure so like Couture's picture — exposed since the painter's death in the Salon by the owner, Monsieur Barbedienne — that it

must be supposed all of these musicians belong to one family.

Banditti are still said to hide in mountainous regions, but if a student has sufficient courage to risk an encounter with such an unfriendly troupe and go to Roma Vecchia to dig for undiscovered treasures, perhaps a fine piece of sculpture or antique jug may turn up under the shovel to reward one's exertions and add to the properties of the studio.

All such things double in value when once on the American side of the water, and nowhere are hanging lamps, bronze tripods, and all such ornaments cheaper than in Italy.

The advice cannot be too often repeated to travellers intending wintering in Rome, that plenty of flannels and warm clothing are as much a necessity there as anywhere, for roses do not bloom on the Pincio all the year round, nor does the sun shine "all day and all night too," as a beguiling *padrone* was heard to assure some Americans, on showing her rooms to them. The want of prudence among foreigners in a great measure accounts for the sickness and mortality so common at certain seasons in their midst.

The going from hot outside air and sunny side-

walks into damp churches, to sit through a long service, perhaps without the addition of an extra wrap; or to see the Coliseum by moonlight, at an hour when almost every breath is a deadly malaria; or still worse, driving from picture-gallery to ruin, from villa to catacombs, or joining the Archæological Society, intent on exploring some old cistern or sewer in a mouldy corner of the Palace of the Cæsars or Baths of Caracalla, only to end the fatiguing day dressed in gauzy attire for dancing at some German until morning. These are the things that develop Roman fever, oftener than do dark apartments, Campagna air, or the much-talked-of bad drainage, which frightens so many new-comers to crowd one particular quarter, and prevents the enjoyment of much that is beautiful.

Concerning cost of living in Rome, it cannot be called cheap, though taking an apartment, in preference to hotels and pensions, is as much more so there as in Paris or London.

But the Italians do not always prove an agreeable nation to have any large money dealings with, and to find an honest, honorable *padrone* with whom to sign a contract, is an important affair. In this respect, No. 2 Piazza Barberini can be highly recommended to a small party, and the square itself,

though not so fashionable as Piazza di Spagna, Via Felici, or Sistine, is bright and cheerful, with the fountain of the "Tritone" for an attractive object to see from one's windows.

The Hotel Costanza, Via Nicolo di Tolentino, and the pensions of Mme. Telenbach, and the Misses Smith, in Piazza di Spagna, would make a pleasant home, particularly for a lady travelling alone, the price at the last-named being twelve to fifteen lire per day.

Florence is better for shopping, in general, than Rome, where at one time Massoni's on the Corso was nearly the only reliable dry-goods and dress-making establishment in the city. Also to a walker a supply of comfortable boots is even a greater luxury than in France, as many of the narrow, stony streets are without sidewalks and make anything but agreeable footing.

An artistic souvenir of Rome is made by buying a copy of the "Marble Faun" or "Roba di Roma" in the Tauchnitz edition, and inserting the vignette photographs of the places described mounted on fresh pages, binding the whole in the lovely Roman vellum, which has the advantage when soiled of being easily made white and spotless again by washing with soap and water. At one time the

arrangement of these albums was so much the fashionable amusement among foreigners who could neither sketch nor paint such charming bits of antiquity as the Temple of Vesta, Hilda's Tower, or the Ghetto bazaars, that complete sets of the photographs, arranged in regular order, could always be had in the print and book shops.

In ending as in the beginning this paper on Rome, I can but express the conviction that to a sculptor it has everything to offer.* From the Vatican, Capitol, New Museum, Ludovisi, and so many other collections to even the street-fountains, and the strong conceptions of the modern Monteverdi, all are for the worker in clay, while the painter will find the cities on the other side of the Alps offer infinitely greater advantages for art study in color. Although the latter can but see with deep regret the last days of a Roman visit draw toward a close; for not only is the landscape exquisite, but the hours spent in the quiet studio, absorbed in the beauty of head or *ensemble* before

* Several Italian painters, now receiving honors in Paris, are graduates of the school at Naples, which, according to the opinion of the very few Americans who have studied there, offers the best course of instruction, both in sculpture and painting, of any city in Italy.

one, are most precious, or when the critic takes palette and brushes for making with one stroke the weak line strong, it is a lesson indeed ; and this life in Italy becomes worth making a struggle for, and forms an episode seldom anything but profitable or delightful to recall.

So let painter and sculptor touch glasses at the Fountain of Trevi as they drink to their certain return to Rome!

THE END.

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